



Cedarville University  
**DigitalCommons@Cedarville**

---

Junior and Senior Recitals

Concert and Recital Programs

---

10-13-2013

## Rachel Coon, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Rachel Coon  
*Cedarville University*

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/  
junior\\_and\\_senior\\_recitals](http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals)

 Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Coon, Rachel, "Rachel Coon, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital" (2013). *Junior and Senior Recitals*. 69.  
[http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior\\_and\\_senior\\_recitals/69](http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals/69)

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Cedarville, a service of the Centennial Library. It has been accepted for inclusion in Junior and Senior Recitals by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@Cedarville. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@cedarville.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@cedarville.edu).



THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
RACHEL COON  
MEZZO-SOPRANO

RACHEL LOWRANCE  
PIANO

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13, 2013  
4:30 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### I

*Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,*  
from MASS IN B MINOR, BWV 232 ..... J. S. Bach  
(1685-1750)

Assisted by Jacob Tudor, violin

*Berüft Gott selbst,* from SIEHE, ICH WILL VIEL FISCHER  
AUSSENDEN, BWV 88 ..... J. S. Bach  
Assisted by Beth Cram Porter, soprano, and Jacob Tudor, violin

*Domine Deus,* from MASS IN G MAJOR, BWV 236 ..... J. S. Bach  
Assisted by Beth Cram Porter, soprano, and Jacob Tudor, violin

### II

*Nuit d'étoiles* ..... Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

*Mandoline* ..... Gabriel Fauré  
*Après un rêve* (1845-1924)

*L'île inconnue* ..... Hector Berlioz  
(1803-1869)

### III

Selections from ACHT GEDICHTE AUS LETZTE  
BLÄTTER, Op. 10 ..... Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

1. *Zueignung*
2. *Nichts*
3. *Die Nacht*
8. *Allerseelen*

### IV

*Still Hurting,* from THE LAST FIVE YEARS ..... Jason Robert Brown  
(b. 1970)

Selections from WICKED ..... Stephen Schwartz  
(b. 1948)

*The Wizard and I*  
*What Is This Feeling?*

Assisted by Kailey Grapes and Ensemble:  
Emalyn Bullis, Emma Gage, Caleb Peterson,  
Kimberly Reitsma, Robert Rhodes, Hope Strayer

Rachel is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment  
of the Bachelor of Music Education degree.

*No flash photography, please.  
Please turn off all cell phones.*

## TRANSLATIONS

### *Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris*

Who sits at the right hand of the Father,  
have mercy on us.

### *Beruft Gott selbst*

If God wills it, then he will bless our efforts  
even if we are fearful and anxious. He  
wants the pound he gave us to be given  
back to him with interest. If we don't bury  
it, he willingly helps us so it may it may  
bear fruit.

### *Domine Deus*

Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father  
who takes away the sin of the world, have  
mercy on us. Who takes away the sin of the  
world, hear our prayer. Who sits at the  
right hand of the Father, have mercy on us.

### *Nuit d'étoiles*

Night of stars, beneath your veils, in your  
breeze and fragrance, sad lyre that sighs, I  
dream of past loves.

Serene melancholy stirs deep in my heart  
and I sense the soul of my beloved quiver  
in the dreamy forest.

I see again at our fountain your gaze as  
blue as the skies; this rose is your breath  
and those stars are your eyes.

### *Mandoline*

The men serenading and the lovely ladies  
listening exchange idle chatter  
Under the singing branches.

Tircis is there and also Aminte and the  
ever-present Clitandre; and there is Damis,

who for many a cruel maid creates  
tender verses. Their short silk jackets,  
their long gowns with trains, their  
elegance, their joy and their soft blue  
shadows

Whirl in the ecstasy of a pink and gray  
moon, and the mandolin chatters on  
amid the quiverings of the breeze.

### *Après un rêve*

In sleep enchanted by your image  
I dreamed of happiness, a passionate  
illusion; your eyes were so gentle, your  
voice so pure and rich, you were radiant  
like a sky lighted by the dawn.

You called to me and I left the earth  
to fly with you toward the light. For us  
the skies parted their clouds; unknown  
splendors, glimpse of divine light.

Alas! Alas! Sad awakening from dreams;  
I call to you, o night, give me back your  
illusions! Return, return in radiance!  
Return, o mysterious night!

### *L'île Connue*

Tell me, my dear young thing where  
might you wish to go? The sail unfurls its  
wing, the breeze begins to blow!

The oar's made of ivory The flag of silk  
moiré, a golden helm most fine; for  
ballast I have oranges, for sails, the  
wings of angels, for shipmate, a  
seraphim.

Tell me, my dear young thing, where  
might you wish to go? The sail unfurls its  
wing, the breeze begins to blow!

Might it be the Baltic? Or the wide Pacific?  
To the Isle of Java? Or to Norway might  
we go to cull flowers in the snow, or a  
bloom from Angsoka?

Tell me, my dear young thing, where  
might you wish to go?

"Carry me," said the beauty, "to that shore  
where truly love shall unchanging prove."  
--That certain shore, my dear, is rarely  
known, I fear, in the realm of love.

Where might you wish to go? The breeze  
begins to blow!

#### *Zueignung*

Yes, you know it, beloved soul, that I am  
tormented far from you, love makes the  
heart suffer, thanks to you.

Once I held, the one who delighted in  
freedom, high the amethyst cup and you  
blessed the drink, thanks to you.

And exorcized the evil ones therein,  
Until I, as I had never been, holy, holy onto  
your heart I sank, thanks to you.

#### *Nichts*

I should name, you say, my queen in the  
empire of songs? Fools, that you are, I  
know here the least of all of you. Ask me  
about the color of her eyes, ask me about  
the sound of her voice, ask about her  
walk, her dance, and her bearing, ah, and

what do I know about that! Is not the sun  
the source of all life, of all light? And what  
do we know of the same, I and you and  
everyone? Nothing, nothing!

#### *Die Nacht*

Out of the woods treads the night,  
out of the trees she gently steals,  
she looks around in a wide circle,  
now be careful.

All the lights of this world, all flowers, all  
colors she erases and she steals the  
sheaves away from the field.

She takes everything, whatsoever is  
lovely, takes the silver away from the  
river, takes from the copper roof of the  
cathedrals, away the gold.

The shrub stands plundered; come closer,  
soul to soul, oh the night, I'm afraid, she  
steals you from me too!

#### *Allerseelen*

Place on the table the fragrant  
mignonettes, bring inside the last red  
asters, and let us speak again of love, as  
once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can press it  
secretly; and if someone sees us, it's all  
the same to me. Just give me your sweet  
gaze, as once you did in May.

Flowers adorn today each grave, sending  
off their fragrances; one day in the year  
are the dead free. Come close to my heart,  
so that I can have you again, as once I did  
in May.



CEDARVILLE  
UNIVERSITY.